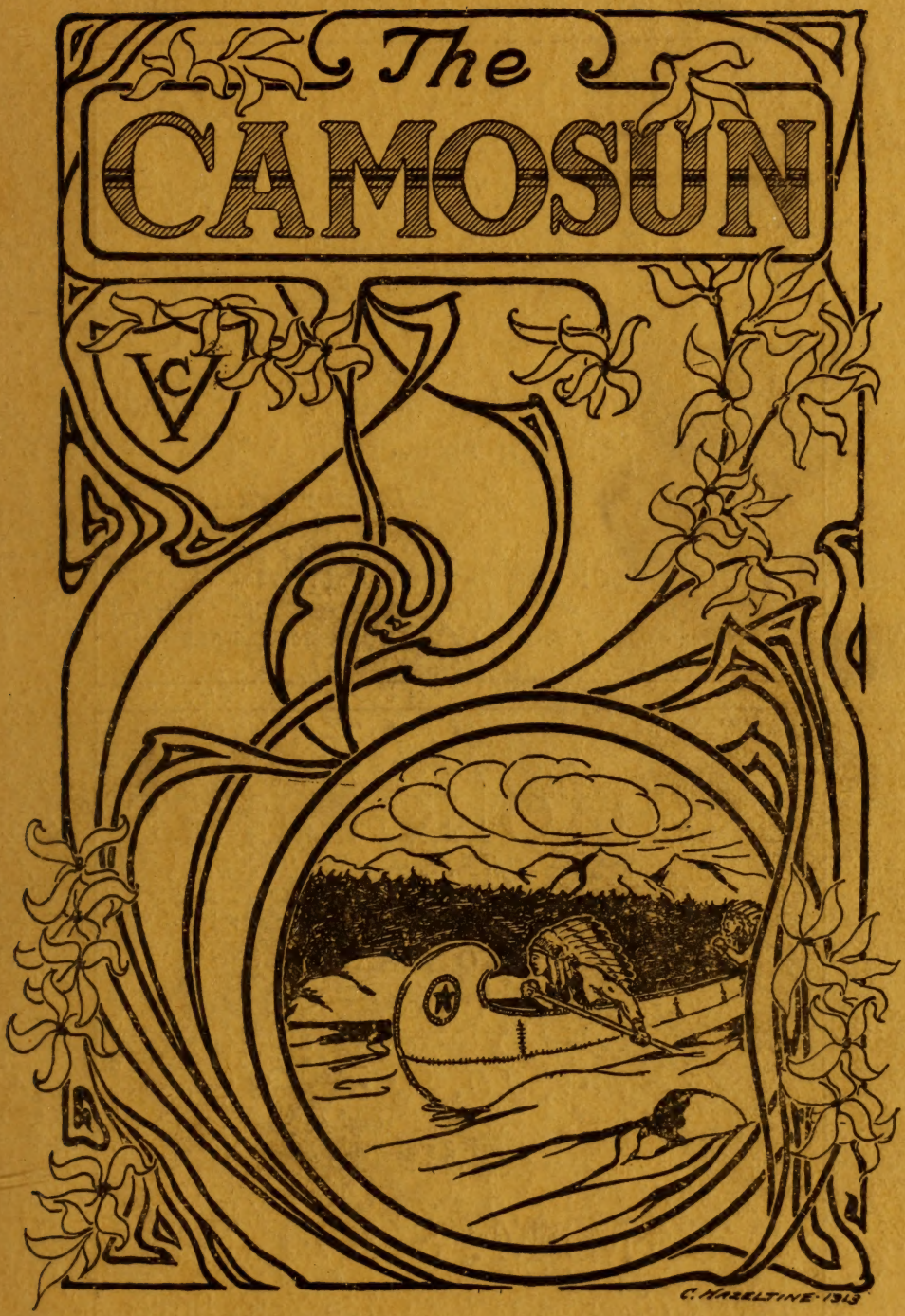
The CAMOSUN



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A purchase of two dollars which fulfils the conditions undermentioned will, for example, entitle the class to which the purchaser belongs to eight points in the class competition; and in addition the said purchaser will be credited with the same number of points.

The prizes will be awarded to the students of the winning class who make the highest individual record. For example: Suppose Matric A brings in the greatest value in receipted bills, then the three leading members of that class secure the prizes.

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  (2) A V. H. S. Pennant.
  (3) A subscription to next year's Camosun.

(b) To the students of the class obtaining the next greatest total of points—
  (1) A $3.00 purchase from any advertiser.
  (2) A V. H. S. Pennant.
  (3) A subscription to next year's Camosun.

Rules of Competition

1. Only bills bearing name of Camosun advertisers will be acknowledged and must bear date of purchase and name of student purchaser. Purchases made previous to May 1st will not be counted.

2. Students must write their names on the back of the bills and must also clearly write their class-room number and grade.

3. All receipted bills must be in the hands of the Business Manager, Gordon Cameron (Room 12), or Assistant Business Manager, Kingsley Terry (Room 1), before May 29th, on which date the competition closes.

4. Every twenty-five-cent purchase will count as 1 point. The Judges' decision will be final over any disputed bills.

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Close to the ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE

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Our Prices are never high. Suits at $15, $18, $20 to $30

ALLEN & CO.

YATES AND BROAD STS.

The Camosun

VOLUME VII APRIL, *1915* NUMBER 6

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All communications should be addressed care of Business Manager, Victoria High School. The Board will pay no attention to anonymous letters.

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Von Bernstorff's Terms of Peace

WASHINGTON, April 17.—The administration is unable to take official notice of unofficial overtures looking toward peace made by Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States. Unless von Bernstorff makes his proposals in some more formal and official fashion, they will be ignored.

Despite official denials, it is learned that von Bernstorff himself is responsible for the reports circulated in Washington in regard to Berlin's willingness to consider peace proposals. With the understanding that he should not be quoted, these proposals were published. Substantially they are as follows:—

No. 1. That Berlin would not sue for peace.

No. 2. That the subject might be discussed on the basis of a return to the status quo at the time war was declared.

No. 3. That Germany is unwilling to consider paying an indemnity for the damage to Belgium.

No. 4. That Belgium be evacuated by the German armies.

No. 5. That Russia should have a way out through the Dardanelles and that proper arrangement should be made by Germany with Turkey to accomplish this result.

No. 6. That Alsace and Lorraine must remain Germany territory.

No. 7. That Germany should purchase the Belgian Congo for a reasonable sum.

No. 8. That in case of future wars neutral commerce on the high seas should not be interfered with, and that other matters should be left to future adjustment.

"In Belgium we hold Terror's reign,
Priests by their altars we have slain,
Their sanctuaries defiled;
We robbed their stock, we ate their grain,
Our troops we forced them to maintain,
Maimed nun and helpless child.

"Our 'German Kultur' we have shown,
Annexed their land, usurped their throne,
And proud we ought to be;
Yet we will leave them now alone,
But for no damage we atone,
Speak not indemnity!

"Our Kaiser in the Sultan's ear
Shall pour his schemes, and make it clear
(As act of grace by them).
That Russian ships may safely steer
Through Turkish waters far and near,
Her rushing currents stem.

"On provinces we once did steal,
We raised our flag, and stamped our heel,
Fair Alsace and Lorraine;
Now these are ours we justly feel,
Their documents all bear our seal,
And ours they must remain.

"Our money's scarce we do admit,
At Belgian Congo we have bit,
And we would like it cheap;
Its forests rich with fire-flies lit,
Our purpose would so nicely fit,
Rich profits we would reap.

"Should wars in future years prevail,
Then neutral ships may safely sail,
Bear goods to any land;
The British navy shall not hail
When Stars and Stripes float in the gale,
Though laden contraband."

For peace ye are not asked to sue;
Our swords are drawn, our hearts are true,
Our ships are launched and manned,
Your ultimatums forth ye threw,
Your murderous deeds ye did pursue,
Now ye must kneel or stand.

Shall we to "status quo" return
While priceless relics smouldering burn,
The rules of war ignored?
While Belgian women weak and worn,
Of lawless Huns are made the scorn?
No terms with such a horde!

* * * * * *

Peace, peace on earth to men good will!
Was long since sung with heavenly skill,
In peace we love to dwell;
But peace is vain when honor's nil,
We'd rather storm another hill,
And brave a German hell!

E. M., Matric A.

Gibraltar by Moonlight

Out of the darkness loomed a cape,
Like an ancient giant of monstrous shape;;
Sheer rose its edge so tall and white—
Rose to the skies in the pale moonlight.
Slowly we passed this grand old stone,
Standing so silently and lone
At the door of the Mediterranean Sea,—
A symbol of Britain's supremacy.

N. F. P.

The Captive

WHEN I first made "Bruin's" acquaintance, he was decidedly out of humor. His ivory teeth gleamed from the red cavity of his mouth and his beady black eyes held a look of concentrated fury, not untinged with fear. But was it a wonder? This is his story.

Bruin was but a soft plump bear cub, almost black in colour. He had spent all of his short life in the mountains, was born where no man had as yet set foot, where the gigantic pines stand guard in a pathless wilderness defying wind and weather till, at last, they must go, crashing into the gorge beneath, and mingle again with the earth that fostered them.

His mother was big, brown and shaggy—of the regular grizzly type. She was not of the ferocious kind but avoided man and confined her wanderings to the steep mountain slopes where few hunters found their way. Then came the time when she ventured too far—the summer when Bruin and his brother were her charges. Having scrambled farther down the mountain than ever before, she made her way to the west of the great bald shoulder on one side of the mountain and came upon the camp of two sportsmen from town, Dick Ferris and Jack Turner, who had here exiled themselves for the summer.

Some animals must have a share of "feminine curiosity"—at least mother bear had. One day at sunrise she apparently threw all caution to the winds and boldly made her way right into the camping grounds. While contemplating the scene, one of the cubs recklessly shuffled across the intervening space and stalked into the tent. Two men were asleep on the ground—a series of protesting sounds bore abundant evidence thereof—but all this to the intruder was a minor detail. His eyes were fixed on a row of tins on a shelf above him and making a jump for the nearest he missed, rolled to the ground, bringing shelf, tins and their contents—flour, tea, sugar and molasses—all in a shower over himself and the luckless sleepers.

This had a most astounding effect on the peace of the place. The man awoke, raised a shout of dismay re-echoed from the hills, called upon all the saints of the calendar to expel all fiends of destruction. He was reinforced by his friend, who punctuated the explosion by hurling a block of wood—previously used as a stool,—at the unfortunate cub.

The blow went home. With an almost human wail the little creature sank to the earth to rise no more. But what of his guardian—the beast whose defense of her young has become almost proverbial—where was she? She did what one out of a thousand bears may do, but never to repeat. She fled—fled with Bruin up the hills through the tangled under growth, there to mourn her loss and nurse her vengeance.

At the tent there was great excitement; the lifeless cub was examined and admired, becoming the sole topic of conversation for the rest of the day, and (that the victors might appear true woodsmen) was on the menu for breakfast.

"Let's hunt the mother. I want that hide of her's for our den at home. We will make the boys sit up."

"That's talking, but I want to feed first. The fire is out, but there are some muffins somewhere in a box and the molasses--I'll scrape the tin and leave you the rest"—this as he looked down on the floor of the tent.

Then it was arranged that as the old bear was so cowardly she must forfeit her hide, which would then be a proof of their vacation exploits. To be sure it was a bad time to kill a bear for her hide, but this was where the true woodsman failed to put in his appearance.

They set out, rifles in hand, striding along, whistling loud and merrily out of sheer bravado.

The old bear had hitherto been peaceable, appearing almost timid, but when the sound of the whistling warned her that the men were approaching she did not run, no, that had been caused by momentary fright! Her shapeless lips drawn back, showing her evil fangs, a fierce hatred struggling in her heart, her eyes fiery, the natural ferocity of her animal nature excited to the highest pitch, she stood waiting ready long before the men were in sight. She was full grown, of enormous strength and size and the mother instinct to protect her young acted as a goad to spur her on.

The men drew nearer. They were entirely unaware of her presence. Nature favours her forest children with the sixth sense by which they are forewarned when in the danger zone. The bear had risen to her hind legs standing upon the hillside hidden in the undergrowth about fifty yards above them. She hesitated an instant, then with a savage snarl hurled herself at her assailants.

Both men were taken unawares. Jack dropped his gun and ran, but Dick, poor fellow, cornered between two huge bolders was unable to make his escape. He raised his gun but no shot was fired. In another moment the bear would be upon him! She hurls herself ahead! Every muscle is strained in the effort to reach him! Providence comes to the rescue. In her blinding fury she takes the rifle full in the face—it goes off—she falls heavily, bearing her intended victim to the ground with her.

Jack, pale and breathless, drags his friend from under the dead beast. He is unhurt save a fractured rib and several bruises, which, as the village doctor declared was a lucky escape after trifling with a Grizzly.

Turner, having seen his friend cared for, returned to the scene of conflict.

The faint rays of the setting sun sending its last glimmering beams through the pines overhead revealed the carcass of the old bear

huddled in a corner between two rocks. By the dead mother lay the only remaining cub whining and licking the mutilated head. A feeling of compassion came over the man as he stooped and gathered the wretched creature in his arms who now, snapping and furious, sought to get free. The world either bends or breaks a stubborn will. What has it done to Bruin?

Bruin is now in the Zoo. When I look at him, think of his history, of how he was when I first saw him, small in size, all spirit and energy, think of the wild free life he might have led in his native woodlands, and now behold his great size, his dull listless eyes, every spark of energy dead or asleep as he gazes dreamily on the crowds that pass his 20x20 dominion. Bruin of the mountains—he does not live but just exists!

Is man thoughtless or cruel? P. B., Jr. D.

TWO ROUNDELS

She felt her duty call to war;
To her was nothing she might gain,
She had her honor to sustain.
What man or nation should need more?

She knew the cost of battle's war,
She knew her subjects' useless pain,
She felt her duty call to war;
To her was nothing she might gain.

A scrap of paper, nothing more,
Why did she not in peace remain,
Not count in thousands all her slain?
Compared with honor all is poor:
She felt her duty call to war. —Hazel McConnell.

Since I began a jitney-run
My pocket-book is full of cash;
The B. C. E. and I will clash,
They think me worse than Turk or Hun.

I used to breakfast on a bun
And dine upon a kind of hash;
Since I began a jitney-run.
My pocket-book is full of cash.

And when my little Ford I've spun
I've worried over business trash
And wondered when my bank would smash;
But now I count these things as fun,
Since I began a jitney-run. —Edna Marwick.

EDITORIAL

SPECIAL compliments are due our enterprising friends, the Juniors, for their enthusiastic response to the call from the Red Cross Society. They are setting an example which should be copied by their fellow students. Of course, we can understand the difficulty encountered by some High School students; with 8,000 miles between us and the field of action, with nothing more perplexing than Latin or more discouraging than a loss to the "Maple Leafs," it is not surprising that we fail to properly realize the significance of this present great war. We are enthusiastic at the departure of brave companions for the front, but are apt to forget that we who remain are left with the solemn duty of providing, in our little ways, for our heroes when they meet with disaster on the field of battle.

The Matriculation classes of 1915 organized some time ago and have since been occupied with the preparation for an entertainment to be given in the auditorium of our school on Friday evening, May 7th. The program involves a scene, presented by Matric A, introducing "Mrs. Nickolby and the Man in Small Clothes," besides the play "Cranford," to be given by Matric C girls. Matric B are preparing a number of tableaux which should prove very successful. Our ever-ready orchestra will be in attendance to render musical items. The students are greatly indebted to their teachers, the Misses Cann, Macleod, Hamilton, Burris and Mr. Clarke, who have devoted a generous portion of their time to the rehearsals.

The Camosun takes this opportunity of appealing to the sporting element in our school to display its school spirit. Field Day is approaching rapidly which means that those students who propose to enter the contests should get out on the track and exercise their abilities. Although the contestants in our sports this year can not look forward to a glittering array of medals, yet their preparations and entries for Field Day should be marked with the same enthusiasm that has characterized former years, their motive being a love for true sport and their object to make our school a "live" one.

Matriculation Entertainment, Friday Evening, May 7th

PTE. CECIL MILLOY

We knew that our Canadian boys at the front would do their duty like men and they have done so. Amongst those wounded was Cecil Milloy, who last year was a Sergeant in No. 1 Company of our Cadets. We who knew him were not surprised when he answered the call of his duty and enlisted with the 50th Highlanders. The whole school joins in wishing him a speedy recovery.

More Than Duty

"RED" ROBERTSON, bad man and murderer, wound slowly over the white trailess mountain side; his dogs were languishing and he was ten miles from his solitary cabin. All the north was against Red; he had deliberately shot two men for killing his brother, Frank. There was a reward of one thousand dollars for him, dead or alive, and this was enough to blind men's eyes to his good qualities. They did not stop to consider that the two men he shot were both "bad 'uns," and that they had killed his only friend and relation on earth. Most men would have done the same thing under the circumstances.

Another mile and he would reach the summit and then it would be a clear down-hill the rest of the way. He figured he would arrive home about four o'clock; it was now three. He reached the summit at last and saw something that made him pause in his tracks—the body of a man lying in the snow. He hastened towards the prostrate figure and poured some raw spirits down the man's throat. The latter slowly revived and told his story: He had been hunting for 'Red" Robertson, had been attacked by wolves, his dogs were all torn to pieces, and he had wandered on foot till at last he had dropped from fatigue.

"Red" saw that he needed proper care and nourishment, and so he bundled him into the sledge, whipped up the dogs and hurried through the snow which was beginning to fall. He arrived at his cabin at last and after carrying in the unconscious stranger, built a fire and soon had some soup made. This his guest drank thankfully, and then fell asleep.

"Red" then had more time to observe him. He was a man of just about his own build. He looked as if he would stand about six feet two in his sealskin muckalucks; he was broad shouldered and perfectly proportioned. But his countenance was far different from "Red's." He had a boyish face, coal black hair and deep brown eyes, and "Red" noticed that which made him start,—the red serge of a Mounted Policeman's uniform under the heavy mackinaw. Although a policeman, "Red" liked his looks.

It was now about five and "Red" fried some venison chops and made some coffee and bannocks, then sat down to his lone repast. He suddenly remembered that his visitor had been looking for "Red" Robertson! And so the lad did not suspect who his host was!

"Red" sat up late that night brooding over his lost honor and still more over the loss of his brother.

A cough came from the bunk where the dark young man was lying, then another and another in quick succession; they seemed to rack his whole frame.

"Don't like that at all," thought "Red"; "hope the deuce he ain't going to have pneumonia."

The next morning the guest, whose name "Red" found to be Jack Leask, was no better, if anything, worse, and "Red" began to be nervous.

All that morning the two talked and after a while the conversation centred upon "Red" Robertson.

"I'd take real pleasure in shooting that man," said Leask, "an' I'd give ten years of my life to have him before me this minute."

"No need bartering part of your life over it, sonny," replied "Red" calmly, "because I'm your man." And after a pause he went on—"and I shot Pat Jones and Frenchie Smith, an' I'm proud of it, and I'd do it again to-morrow; they killed Frank, the only friend I've ever had, because he beat them at poker; the curs, they didn't even give him a fair fight, and if I thought you wouldn't do the same as I did I'd turn you out into the snow."

He was now standing up and pacing the little cabin excitedly.

After this Leask kept silent and his cough grew steadily worse, and "Red" saw that if he did not get some medical aid soon the man would die.

The nearest settlement was fifty miles away! And if he did go near it he would be arrested, tried and hanged for murder, if, indeed, he was not lynched at first sight. But "Red" was a true westerner; he could not see the lad suffering and perhaps dying; he must save him even if he lost his own life doing it. He knew the penalty for homicide. And so he set about making preparations for the trip.

"What are you doing, 'Red'?" came feebly from the bunk.

"Well, sonny, we're goin' to hit the trail, only thar aint no trail, for Coache; it's about fifty miles from here."

The whole plan flashed across Leask's brain, "Red" would be arrested for murder and hanged, yet he was willing to sacrifice his own life to save a man who had called him a vile murderer!

"Oh God!" he cried, "you can't do it 'Red,' you'll get lynched!"

"Shet up now," said 'Red', "I know what I'm doin', you need a doctor and your goin' ter git one."

The next morning at daybreak, in spite of Leask's protestations, they started, "Red" driving the dogs and the policeman lying in the bottom of the sledge swathed in furs and blankets.

All through the weary hours that followed Leask pondered on Robertson's wonderful sacrifice, the greatest sacrifice a man can make.

Surely he was not a man who would take another's life unless for a good cause. And a deep friendship sprang up between the two travellers, a friendship that lasted for all time.

The first day out a terrible blizzard raged and the snow formed such deep drifts that "Red" had to help the dogs with the sledge.

After four days of battling with the storm they arrived, more dead than alive, at Coache, where Leask was put into a cot at the Mounted Police barracks and slowly nursed back to health; but poor "Red" was hustled to the jail by a Mounted Policeman through a crowd which howled "Lynch him! Lynch him!"

The trial was not to be held for a month and by that time Leask was up and around and on duty.

All through his convalescence his brain held but one thought:—"'Red' was willing to die to same me; the least I can do is to help him escape."

The day before the trial it came Leask's turn to stand guard over "Red," as he was one of the force.

When the two were alone in the little cabin, Leask began, "Gee, old man, I'm glad to see you; it seemed like we'd never meet; and here you are; you'll be hanged because you saved me, it's my duty to keep you from escaping, in fact I'm under oath to do so, but there's something more than duty, and though they'd hang me in your stead I'll let you go. So here's the key,—so long."

"Not on your life," replied "Red," "if I go, you go. I wouldn't leave you on a bet, so come on; we can hike north where nobody'll find us and we'll be pardners and lay low till this blows over."

"I'm game," was all Leask said, so they shook hands and stole stealthily out into the night.

W. B. HUTCHISON.

JUNIOR A

Davie came to school the other day with a tie that looked like a chamelon sliding down a rainbow. (This is no joke).

Junior A likes Botany so much that the aforesaid Junior A is collecting a Botanical Menagerie. Our intrepid hunters have brought in the following rare and ferocious beasts:—The Pussy Willow, the Catkin, Dog Rose, Cowslip, Ox-Eyed Daisy, Bullrush, Horse Radish, Dandelion, Tiger Lily, Snapdragon and Snake Flower. Further contributions thankfully received.

BETA DELTA

SINCE the last issue of The Camosun, the Beta Delta Society has lost its President, Linden E. Fairbairn. He has left school to enter the ranks of the Fifth Regiment of this city. He has always been a very active and enthusiastic worker in the Society and our best wishes for equal success in his future activities will always follow him.

Meeting of March 3rd

The third debate of the inter-class series was held upon the above date, two junior classes contesting the live question of whether or not government ownership of the saloon offers the best solution of the liquor problem. Taylor and Tait of Junior E contended that such was the case, while Hayward and Chan from Junior C denied the assertion.

The debate was interesting, both sides putting forth their arguments in good style. The judges, Mr. Harry Smith, Mr. Plant, and Ex-President R. Hamilton, rendered their decision in favor of the negative. Both the teachers gave us their very interesting opinions on the subject and were heartily applauded.

Meeting of March 10th

The meeting of the above date marked the completion of the preliminary round of the inter-class debates. The subject debated was:—"Resolved, that the rights of the Indians of B. C. have been violated." This was the last appearance of L. E. Fairbairn before the Society. He, together with W. Gilbert, represented the affirmative for Junior B. They were successfully opposed by Cross and Murray of Junior A.

Heard at the debate:—"If an Indian cannot live and live well on thirty acres of choice British Columbia land, then he ought to travel to the southern seas and pre-empt land on the Sahara Desert."

A motion was placed before the Society by C. Sivertz and seconded by H. Cross, that Mr. H. Smith be appointed our First Honorary Vice-President in place of Mr. Maxwell, who has resigned from the staff.

The three teachers who kindly gave their services in this debate were Messrs. Andrews, McDonald and A. Smith.

Meeting of March 17th

The debate which took place on this date was the first of the semi-finals for the class championship. This proved the surprise of the year for Hutchison and Reid from Preliminary E defeated their doughty opponents from Matriculation A, namely,—Sivertz and Roe.

The subject discussed was: "Resolved, that Heredity has more influence on Character than Environment." Mr. Yates, who acted as one of the judges in this debate, gave the boys some interesting data on the subject, while Mr. H. Smith, the other judge, thanked the Beta Delta for electing him Hon. Vice-President.

The next debate scheduled was between Juniors A and C, but the latter were unable to field a team and so Junior A and Preliminary E will battle for the honor of winning the class championship.

Vancouver Debate

The inter-city debate with Vancouver has been cancelled this year. The South Vancouver team was successful on the mainland, but owing to their dislike of certain rules regulating the contest for the Sear's Cup, they withdrew their competition.

Three men were ordering breakfast—so George Ade says—at a small hotel in South Carolina. The first one ordered coffee, toast and eggs; the second ordered coffee, toast, bacon and eggs; and the third said, "I'll take the same as this gentleman, but eliminate the eggs." The waiter started off, but in a minute returned, scratching his head. "Boss," he asked, "scuse me, please, suh; but how did you say you wanted dem aigs?" The Yankee caught the point. "I said I wanted them eliminated. Can't you understand plain English?" "Yas, suh. I understan's now," murmured the waiter, and off he went. Presently he came hurrying in from the kitchen. "Mistah," he asked, "wouldn't you jes' as soon have dem aigs fried or boiled, or somethin'?" "I would not," snapped the Northerner. "I'm on a strict diet; and I have to have my eggs eliminated." "Dat's what I tole de cook," said the darky; "but he says to tell you, please, suh, dat no longer ago 'n yistiddy he drap de 'liminator and broke de handle off. He say dey done ordered a new one, but it can't git here twell to-morrow. So he'd lak mightily fur you to tek yore aigs some other way to-day, suh."

* * * * *

Mule in the barn-yard,
Lazy and slick;
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick
Creeps up behind him quiet as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house. —Ex.

Matriculation Entertainment, Friday Evening, May 7th

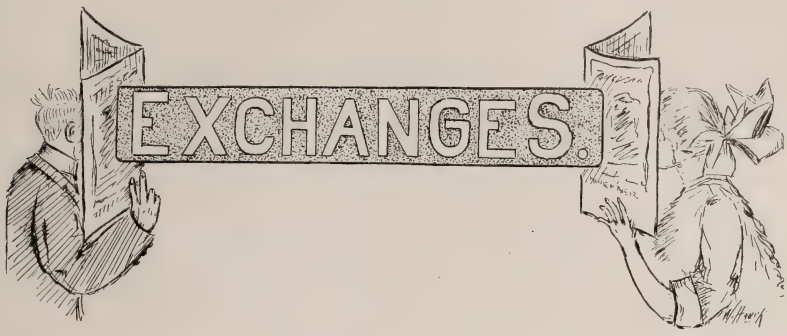
Portia Society

A SPECIAL meeting was held in the library on St. Patrick's Day. The President opened the meeting with a short address, after which the minutes were read and approved. The members were then entertained by several violin duets and recitations. Miss Steinberg, of the Library, the chief speaker of the day, then delivered a most interesting lecture on "The Passing of the Gael." The meeting was closed by all joining heartily in singing the National Anthem.

At the meeting of April 16th, Miss Saunders (who has lectured extensively in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association) kindly consented to address the "Portia." After being introduced by the President, Miss Saunders spoke on "What Girls of Many Lands are Doing." The countries touched on included Germany, Bulgaria, Sweden, India and Japan. The lecture was listened to with much attention and was greatly appreciated as were also the few words spoken by Mrs. Jenkins at the close. The meeting was then adjourned.

Women's Capes

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet sixteen.
Cape Flattery——Twenty.
Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty.
—Ladies' Home Journal.



THE Vox Lycei, Collegiate Institute, Ottawa, is a magazine which we have received this month for the first time, and it is in every respect a welcome visitor. Its stories and poems show unmistakeable ability, and these, together with its artistic cover and well edited departments, go to make up a model publication and a finely balanced unit. The following is an extract from The Vox:

The Response from Overseas

Now from Canada they come,
Making all our camp-grounds hum:
India sends her native best;
Australasia with the rest,
Daring those who dare molest
Britons.

See, they come from mount and plain;
All are gathering toward Loraine,
Yes, they've heard the trumpet's call;
Answering quickly, loyal all,
Stalwart fellows, brave and tall,
Britons!

In old Harlech's call unite,
Fight for "Britain, God and right";
Forward to the battlefield;
To the foeman never yield;
God and country be your shield,
Britons!

(Abridged)

The Tiger, San Francisco, California—The "Exposition Number" of The Tiger is one of the most attractive publications which we have received this year. We feel sure that its wide exchange circulation will be successful in creating a deeper interest in the Panama Exposition among the High School students thus reached.

The Totem, Seattle, Wash.—The February issue of The Totem is intensely interesting, especially the little sketch on Rubens and "A Week-end Abroad." With regard to the latter we might mention that London policemen are nic-named "Bobbies," not "Boddies. By its date, The Totem claims to be one year behind time! Impossible!!

The Medford High School Review, Boston, Mass., is one of the latest additions to our exchange list. Its general matter is good and its illustrations splendid, but there seems to be plenty of room for improvement in its "exchange." Why not appoint an editor for this department, and frame a policy that will make it not only useful to other magazines, but also interesting and instructive to the general reader?

JUNIOR E

Just Idle Dreams

It was barely two o'clock when I settled myself comfortably in the train for a trip to Victoria, the scene of my childhood. In the same car there were four other of my former school friends, namely, R. W. Newitt, L.L.D. (who sat in a corner opposite me); Miss Taylor and her bosom friend, Miss Wagner, were sitting at the far end of the car, both talking at once. Between them and myself sat Tait—now an M. P.—with his feet stuck out in the middle of the aisle. The car was crowded except for a seat just opposite Miss Taylor. Presently, just as the train started, a corpulent figure was seen rushing madly up the platform; he entered our compartment and started for the vacant seat. Just then the train jerked over the points, bringing the luckless chap in contact with Tait's none too dainty feet, which caused him to stretch out a frantic hand to save himself, but missing the rail, he brought his huge fist squarely down on Miss Taylor's Easter bonnet, squashing the crown over her eyes and the rim around her neck. Then followed an awful silence. Tait retreated quickly behind a hastily unfolded newspaper, and an hysterical gulp issued from Newitt's corner; and there—opposite Miss Taylor sat Watson, clumsy, careless Watson!

Hardly had we settled ourselves again when we heard a great deal of shouting. We all craned our necks out of the window. We had arrived at Ashcroft. There on the platform stood a hand of Suffragettes, headed by a long, lean, hungry-looking individual; beside her stood a short, stumpy woman, carrying in her hand a scarlet bag. "No!— Yes! surely that was not Miss Sutherland acting as stone caddie to those unwomanly women? I had no time for meditation for just then she handed the bag to the hungry one, who dived her paw in and pulled out a stone, which she heaved at Tait (M. P.). As the train was moving it missed his Royal Highness and hit me, awakening me to the fact that the period was just over. Dreams are handy sometimes.

Orders by Major R. S. Hamilton, Commanding No. 112, Victoria High School Cadet Battalion

Headquarters, Victoria High School,
Victoria, B.C., May 1st, 1915.

All boys are especially requested to turn out to drill on Mondays as there are only a few more drill-days before inspection.

The shooting competition for the rifle donated by the Camosun Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, for the best shot, is now in progress. Two matches are being fired at Clover Point and two on the gallery range to decide the winner.

Spoons will be given for the best aggregate scores on each range, and also for possibles.

(Signed): W. GALE,
Captain and Adjutant.

The Corps has been very fortunate in obtaining Mr. Harvey as Instructor, and we are certain that his enthusiasm will inspire the boys to a still higher standard of efficiency than hitherto.

The Corps extends its most heartfelt sympathies to Private Cecil A. Milloy, a former member of this Corps, who has been wounded at the front in freedom's cause.

The first match of the season was shot at Clover Point, Saturday, April 24th. Very good scores were made despite various difficulties. Some of the best were:—Capt. Gale, 27; Cadet Grant, 25; Capt. Taylor, 24; Lieut. Davis, 24; Sergt. Fatt, 24; Bugler Fletcher, 24; Cadet Wilson, 24; Cadet Sheepwash, 23; Lieut. Fraser, 22.

Owing to the fact that Paul Clyde, our Editor-in-Chief, has been occupied with examinations, this issue of The Camosun has been brought out by C. Sivertz.

WINTER has gone and with it the several branches of sport requiring cool weather have been laid aside for a year and in their places, baseball, lacrosse and tennis have arrived, all signalling the coming of Spring. In regard to tennis the school has not, as yet, any courts but it is to be hoped that by next summer there will be a number of courts on which the students will be able to display their talents.

Rugby

The High School Rugby season was brought to a close by the playing of the inter-year series. These games proved quite interesting although at no time were there as many rooters as were wished for. The first standing of the teams was:—Prelims., first; Matrics., second, and Juniors occupying the last section. The win of the Prelims. is greatly due to the able leadership of their captain, F. Copas, who by sagacity and prudence, no doubt obtained since his arrival at the school, piloted them to the winning of the handsome silver trophy presented by the Drake Hardware Company.

Basketball

The successful Basketball year terminated with a couple of games being played against Duncan. Victoria was again victorious, winning the ladies' contest very easily, while the match between the boys under 125 pounds, was keenly and evenly contested.

The V. H. S. girls gave a splendid display of shooting and team work, and the students were enabled to view the class of basketball which was so effective against Vancouver. In all departments their playing was faultless, the guards playing undoubtedly the best game of the year. Miss McNeil, who has filled that position in many a game before was as good as ever, playing a sound, steady game, while Miss Grubb was the "surprise packet" of the evening. It was the first time she had played a whole game through on the representative team and she certainly "made good." The forwards, Miss Leigh, Miss MacIntyre (Capt.), and Miss Burridge gave an excellent exhibition of team work which all showed how well their coach, Mr. MacDonald, had succeeded in his endeavors. Miss Burridge secured most of the baskets, seven, while Miss McIntyre scored two baskets and six fouls out of ten. The Duncan ladies, although heavier and

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stronger than the school girls, were clearly outplayed and only succeeded in scoring one basket. Score was Queens, 2; V. H. S., 24.

The boys' game was replete with thrills from beginning to end. Our boys considerably better in the first half, the visitors experiencing a little difficulty in locating the basket. The score ended:—V. H. S. 16, to Duncan's 2 in the first half.

The second half was very even until about six minutes from the end, when the Duncan forwards simply smothered our guards, Terry and MacPhadden, who up to this point had played an exceedingly fine game. In about three minutes they rained in shot after shot, five finding the basket. They were still shooting four to our one when the final whistle blew, our boys leading by 26 points to 20. Fawcett scored four baskets, Hopkins five and Hamburger four. Their scoring was done mostly by their captain.

Grass Hockey

The final hockey game was played against the Normal School at their grounds, at least on a field in the neighborhood of the school. Owing to the scarcity of players in the feminine line they could only find nine enthusiasts, consequently it was agreed to play a mixed team of nine girls and two boys on each side. As the opposing teams lined up it was seen that the V. H. S. team was outclassed in everything except youthfulness and beauty. We started playing down hill on a field notable for many things, stones, long grass and many other impediments. During the first half the High School endeavored again and again to score but all in vain. Many a time the ball would be lost in a forest of striving sticks or—in the long grass. However, the first half ended scoreless. In the second half, becoming accustomed to the many phenomenal characteristics in which the field abounded, the High School soon scored, amidst the groans of the stranded supporters of the Norman contingent. But now the Normals woke up and what with the screeching from the side-lines and hastily shouted orders on the field they managed to reach our circle for the first and last time. Now as our nerves were again quite settled we once more attacked their treasured land and after some confusion in front of their goal tallied another. The whistle soon brought this eventful game to a close with the V. H. S. victorious, 2—0. The team: The Misses Hannan, Stewart, MacDougall, Grubb, Chatterton, Bassett, Pierce, King (Capt.), MacIntyre and Messrs. Hamilton and Foulkes. Umpires, Messrs. MacLean and Smith.

Baseball

A baseball league has been organized in the school, consisting of three teams—Matrics, Juniors, Prelims. The Juniors have been more successful than they were in the rugby series, as they now have a substantial lead. Stevens is the chief pilot of the Juniors, while Straith and Jackson fill that position on the Matric and Prelim teams respectively. The Juniors have won 4 and lost 1 game; the Matrics have won 1 and lost 3; the Prelims have won 1 and lost 2.

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MATRIC A

What would happen to Matric A if Wyllie's speech corresponded to his length?

Question: If it takes Joli-Coeur two minutes to climb a gate-post how long will it take Wyllie to climb a flag-pole? Let x=dimensions of Wyllie; the rest follows easily.

Subjects for Debate

Resolved that Terry should take lessons in making patchwork quilts.

Resolved that Roe and some others of the class should give us a course of lectures on "How to Teach the Deaf and Dumb."

Resolved that Miss Sparling should immediately open her Hospital for Aged and Infirm Pussies, said Pussies being given to bemoaning their fates on back fences at late (or early) hours, disturbing thus the knife-lender and others in their strenuous search after knowledge.

MATRIC B

Chemistry Teacher (explaining electrolysis of water)—"And where do you get the electric curre(a)nt?

Wh - - er (to himself)—"From an electric bun."

Jessie said the River Thames was dirty. Never mind Ruth, it is all over with now.

Alan, lengthening powders are obtainable. Try some, and perhaps you may be seen behind Miss Fraser.

Aren't you sorry the College have their holidays Lily? It will be six months (perhaps) before you will see him again in the corridors.

PRELIM. A

The Latest

The boys all used to say they'd be
A bunch of cowboys, wild and free;
But now there's a game that will cop the bun—
They'll drive a buss on the jitney run.

—N. F. P.

First—A KODAK

and you are ready to set out

Then—A SODA

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What's the matter with Prelim A?
It's all right.
The students study all the day,
And sometimes half the night.
They do not seek publicity;
They never play in games much;
They never have complicity
In silly pranks and such;
But when the final test comes round
About the end of June,
They do the others all astound,
Who sing a different tune.
They worry not through sleepless nights
Like others who had studied not;
Their spirits soar like Chinese kites;
They win the end for which they've wrought.

N. F. P.

PRELIMINARY I

Our Coming Exams

"Courage!" he said, "for now the battle starts
And each and all must take his several parts;
The coming month will find us all behind,
Yet some will say, 'We still have lots of time'."
All round the room a deadly silence reigned
When we learned of knowledge that we might have gained.
Already some have learned of their mistake.
Then at the end these welcome words he spake:
"At last, my scholars, in time you are awake."
The voice did cease, the bell did ring
And to those words we everyone did cling.

A little fellow, five or six years old, who had been wearing flannel jackets much too small for him, was, one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the other had been too small. He shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked about, and finally burst out—"Mamma, I do feel awful lonesome in this jacket."

* * * * *

Heard in Chemistry Class:
Professor—"Mention an oxide."
The Brilliant Stude—"Leather."
Professor (sarcastically)—"Oh, indeed, what's leather an oxide of?"
Stude—An oxide of beef, sir.

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Book in Library:—"How to choose a farm."—Hunt.

* * * * *

"I hear your wife has abandoned the idea of a European trip. What made her change her mind?" "She overheard someone say to a friend that travel broadened one immensely."

* * * * *

Smith:—"All telegraph wires are down in Poland."
Jones:—"You don't say! How did it happen?"
Smith:—"All Poles were sent to the front."

* * * * *

A deputation visited the jeweller's:
"We want to buy a solid silver coffee pot," the spokesman said.
"Yes sir, yes, sir." And the jeweller rubbed his hands.
"It's for an M. P."
"In that case, sir," said the jeweller, "you will want something with a long spout."

—Tit-Bits.

* * * * *

A Case of Gravity

The latest Boston story is about a small child who fell out of a window. A kind-hearted lady came hurrying up with the anxious question: "Dear, dear! How did you fall?"

The child looked up at the questioner and replied, in a voice choked with sobs, "Vertically, ma'am."—Tit-Bits.

* * * * *

Henry Irving in his early days once played a part which in the first act called for a dark stage. In this darkness he fought with an old earl, threw him heavily and when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall Irving would cry out: "Great Heavens! What have I done?" One night he played his part in a small English town. A stage-hand standing in the "flies" was very much impressed with the play, and to him the scene quickly became real. So that when Irving reached the climax, felled the old earl to the ground, and spoke the line, "Great Heavens! What have I done?" he was startled to hear the stage-hand say in a loud voice: "Strike a match and we'll have a look."

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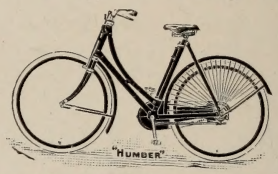

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